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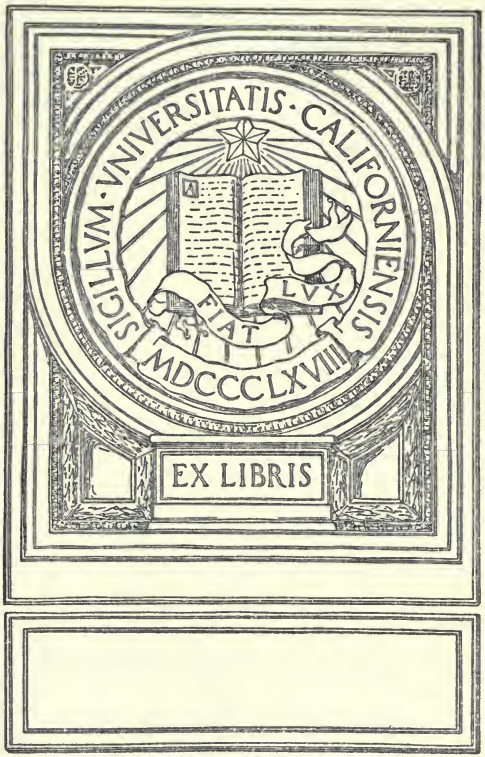
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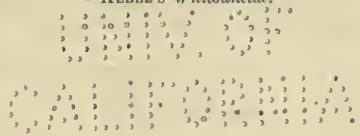
PENTECOST.

"The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown,
On every sainted head."
—KEBLE'S *Whitsuntide.*



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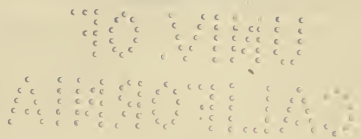

TO

MISS MARGARET K. PARISH,

THE DEAR YOUNG FRIEND WHO HAS GIVEN HERSELF,

WITH SUCH FAITH AND DEVOTION,

To the Cause of Our Redeemer,

THIS POEM IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

M191979

UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

INTRODUCTION TO PART FIRST.

(Time between Passover and Pentecost.)

LEBANON, Lebanon ! Queen of the mountains!
Crowned with thy cedars and clear, sparkling fountains ;
Now is the time when thy leaf buds are showing,
Now is the time when thy spring breeze is blowing,
Now the song of the turtle the valley is cheering,
And the full, ruddy buds on the vines are appearing.
All over the land of Jehovah's electing,
The ripe spring of the Orient her work is perfecting.
In the morning, what tintings of purple between
The breaking grey mists of the day dawn, are seen.
How early the shepherd is leading his flocks,
Where the stream gurgles down from the deep rifted rocks.
The peasant goes forth with a song to his toil,
And in simple faith trusteth the seed to the soil.
The country is still in Judea the blest,
But is their famed beautiful city at rest?
No, no ; the Great Prophecy glooms o'er the land,
The times of the Gentiles—their triumph at hand—

And the terrible curse, their own wild imprecation,
Hangs like a charged thunderbolt, over the nation.
Although yet for a while the fires they smother,
Feuds are arising twixt Brother and Brother.
The mother receiveth her first born with tears,
And the joy of maternity fades into fears.
Yet ever long suffering, the wrath of the Lord
Not yet on the recreant people is poured.
One more act of mercy—one more act of grace,
E'er the judgment of Heaven descends on the race.

PART FIRST.

I.

(Haran) Is this thee, Enos? I had thought thee dead.
Our hopes once more to meet were not in vain;
But since we parted, many years have fled.
What brings thee to Jerusalem again?
Pleasure, or friendship, or the love of gain?
(Enos) Not riches, for in Persia I've great wealth;
But while at home, I said, "At any cost,
I, verily, for soul and body's health,
Will deck the Temple's Gate, at Pentecost;"
So with a caravan the country crost.

II.

Here, Haran, my choice offering behold,
By hands of a most cunning workman wrought.
See how the grapes glow in the molten gold.
To give a rare and costly gift I sought,
And with a guard the sacred treasure brought.
Thou knowest that at the Gate called Beautiful,
Where costly gifts of rich devotion shine,
There hangs a vine of golden clusters full.
And of my pious fealty the sign,
I haste to add this precious gift of mine.

III.

But first pray say, how went the Passover ?
(Haran) Now tell me, Enos, if thou hast not heard,
And yet of old Jerusalem a lover.
I thought the news the very world had stirred.
And yet to thee in Persia came no word ?
(Enos)Amassing treasures, of my business full,
And in my warehouse often night and day,
My ears to Rumor's varying voice were dull.
What wondrous thing transpired on that great day,
I pray thee tell, and then I go my way.

IV.

(Haran) First, I must ask thee, if no tidings came
Of a great Prophet out of Galilee,
Who filled the land with His surpassing fame—
Jesus of Nazareth ? Came no word to thee
Of all the works He wrought so marvellously ?
(Enos) Yea, I remember during the past year,
When ruddy clouds the brow of Evening wreath,
A travelling Rabbi to my home drew near,
And out upon the open flowery heath,
All night we sat, the spreading palms beneath.

V.

There, till the low moon kissed the Western Sea,
In lovely words as ever Angel saith,
Sweetly he talked with my young wife and me—
And how she listened till she held her breath,

My young believing wife Elizabeth!
He told that out of Nazareth, that place
We always thought to Sin and Satan sold,
Proverbially destitute of grace,
A Prophet comes, whom his disciples hold
To be the very Christ our Oracles foretold.

VI.

He told how once a sudden tempest swept
Around their vessel, out in the mid sea,
While in the hinder part the Master slept—
To Him the trembling men affrighted flee;
"Save or we perish, Lord," their urgent plea.
He rose, and forward on the deck He went—
One glance around the deafening tempest cast;
Strong winds, wild lightnings rent the firmament,
The roaring waves urged by the stormy blast,
Dashed their mad waters o'er the creaking mast.

VII.

Impetuous on the cruel surges press—
Each black and threat'ning wave comes nearer still.
To overwhelm the vessel in distress.
He saw, and all He said was, "Peace, be still:"
The raging waters felt His mighty will.
Yea, as He spoke the word with grandeur meet,
Hushed in an instant was the wild alarm;
The waves slept in the moonlight at his feet;
The distant Heavens obedient to the charm,
Looked down on Earth, magnificently calm.

VIII.

All this and more our sacred Rabbi told.
He left us as the morning skies grew bright,
Charmed with his gracious speech, and yet behold,
Our next day's guest made me forget him quite,
And the strange legend of that summer night.
'T was one who dealt in pearls and gems with me,
And did such royal merchandise unlade,
The rarest treasures of the Earth and Sea,
As gave such glorious impetus to trade,
I thought no more of what the Rabbi said.

IX.

Though ever and anon my thoughtful wife,
During those evening walks we loved so well,
Would say to me, "Oh, I would give my life
To hear the Rabbi Nicodemus tell
Of Him who could the raging waters quell."
(HARAN) Well, friend, I have strange sequel to relate.
Here is my shady garden close beside;
So, e'er thou hang'st thy offering at the gate,
Come enter in, and wait till eventide,
Or if it please thee, longer time abide.

[*They enter the Garden. After refreshments, Haran commences.*]

X.

(Haran) Now nearly seven weeks their course have
rolled,
Since, while the Passover was kept in state,
Jesus, of whom our holy Rabbi told,
Suffered to death a malefactor's fate,
Led to his shameful Cross without the Gate.
'Tis true, He spoke 'gainst priest and Pharisee,
Struck at their barriers with His word of might,
Threw down their strongholds of iniquity;
And on the waiting people poured the light;
This was the secret cause of all their spite.

XI.

He gained some true disciples from the crowd
Who flocked to hear His heavenly ministry;
Alas! the rest like me to Mammon bowed.
There is one thought which gives to me the key,
Unlocking all this seeming mystery;
How, so soon after His triumphant hour,
Entering the city, that his wily foes
Could turn around the changing people's power,
So that against Him they as one arose.
The cause of this I will in time disclose.

XII.

His life, a river, rolling from its source,
We saw in bright progression onward move,
Grow more and more resistless in its course,

In mighty miracles, in deeds of love,
In speech all human eloquence above.
All this in multitudes the faith awoke,
That this was He to olden prophets shown ;
Destined to break the Gentiles' iron yoke,
Great David's Tabernacle fallen down
To build again and wear his kingly crown.

XIII.

Of late a miracle of Godlike power,
A fitting climax for career so great,
Deepened the master feeling of the hour ;
Increased to passion marvellous to relate,
The people's reverence and the priesthood's hate.
There dwelt in Bethany a family—
And many in the city say they were
In ancient times a race of high degree—
A brother and two sisters ;—often there,
Would Jesus in his journeyings repair.

XIV.

He held with them a tender, sacred tie—
Time will not now suffice me here to tell
How came about so deep a unity ;
But it was sweet to Jesus there to dwell,
Where love like Eden's dew around him fell.
It happened He to Galilee had gone,
And on the bed of pain was Lazarus laid.
Though instantly the news to him was borne ;

Yet strange to tell, He went not to their aid ;
Two days passed on, yet still the Lord delayed.

XV.

Then spake He : "Our friend Lazarus sleeps, but lo !
I go that I may waken him from sleep."
"Lord, if he sleeps he will do well we know ;
Good for the sick are slumbers long and deep,"
His meaning Christ no more will secret keep.
"Lazarus is dead," He said, "and I am glad
I was not there, that ye may now believe,"
And His disciples, now no longer sad,
His words with faith and reverence receive,
And some the hiding of His power perceive.

XVI.

Meantime to Bethany by friendship led,
With many Jews I went on the fourth morn,
To comfort the two sisters o'er their dead.
We came, but Martha suddenly was gone ;
We thought she went beside the grave to mourn.
Mary sat still ; no words her grief expressed ?
The silent flow of tears all uncontrolled,
Alone the fullness of that grief confessed ?
Her hair hung loosened from its golden fold,
And glimmering through her tears, her eyes were
lovely to behold.

XVII.

A sign is given, and Mary leaves her seat;
Her sister Martha stands without the gate;
With a low whisper and embrace they meet,
And hastening onward not a moment wait.
We saw, and pitying their lonely state,
Behold, we said, these sisters go to weep
Over the grave, and we will with them go.
It moves the heart to see a grief so deep.
Let us our kindliest sympathy bestow,
While mingling with their own, our tears fraternal flow.

XVIII.

Yet not towards the grave the sisters bent
Their flying footsteps as if winged by woe,
But through the open country road they went.
We followed in their wake, with steps more slow,
Wondering and querying whither they would go.
The road turned sharply down, leading between
Tall, graceful sycamores in stately pride.
Suddenly before us stood the Nazarene,
And Mary weeping as she saw Him, cried,
"Lord, hadst thou been here, Lazarus had not died."

XIX.

(Enos) How looked the Prophet at that time, I pray?
Tell me, I know that thou canst picture well.

(Haran) No mortal limner might the work essay,—
Can words describe the Indescribable ?
Could earthly language Heavenly glories tell,
Then might I the pure loveliness portray,
Illumining those lineaments divine,
The marvelous Presence I beheld that day,
Where the real majesty of Heaven did shine,
Through a Humanity as weak as mine.

XX.

Jesus in spirit groans, through strong desires,
O'er the Pale Foe to win the victory.
"Where have ye laid him?" in low voice inquires,
The tremulous answer was, "Lord, come and see."
Thereat He wept so long and heavily,
"Behold, how well he loved him," was our word ;
(At sight of this fond flow of tears He shed):
Yet if He has such power as we have heard,
Why is good Lazarus numbered with the dead,
Why came He not before the spirit fled?"

XXI.

We stood in awe around the rocky cave ;
Still was the earth, and still the watching skies.
A stone concealed the opening of the grave ;
"Take ye away the stone," the Master cries,
The rising glory gathering in His eyes.
Then Martha: "Lord, 'tis four days since he died ;
Corruption has begun its work abhorred."

"Said I not unto thee," Jesus replied,
"That if thou truly wouldst believe my word,
Thine eyes should see the glory of the Lord ?"

XXII.

Then Jesus raised His eyes so gloriously :
"Father, I thank thee thou hast heard my prayer.
And well I knew thou always hearest me ;
But for their sakes do I this witness bear.—
These listening multitudes who present are ;
I said it, that they may the truth receive,
That I, as sent from thee, on earth appear,
And with the heart, may on my name believe."
He ceased the holy words of mystery dear,
Which the still heavens and earth seem hushed to hear.

XXIII.

And now behold Him,—who a while ago,
At thought of Lazarus and the mourning band,
Sat down and wept in weakness and in woe,—
Before the open tomb, behold him stand,
With Life and Death at his supreme command.
"Lazarus, come forth," He cries with a loud voice ;
Out from the grave he cometh at that word—
Out from the grave !—Let Heaven and Earth rejoice !
Bound hand and foot he stands before the Lord,
Full of the fresh new life through all his being poured.

XXIV.

Hear to the simple words midst all this glow,—
This crowning excellence of Godlike power,—
These simple words, "Loose him and let him go."
The humility and grandeur of that hour,
How does it over human greatness tower!
Men flaunt their vaunted fame in God's pure sight,
But mark the lowliness and majesty
Commingled in the Son of His delight.
The very dead are raised; yet look and see
Even then how meekly shines the true Divinity!

XXV.

Now many of the Jews believed that day;
(I marvel there was left one doubting one!)
But some most strangely blinded went their way,
And told the Pharisees what He had done.
Then the dark plot against His life begun.
Throughout the Country, went the great renown
Of this, of all His works the most sublime.
But in Jerusalem the Priesthood frown
Against the rising Spirit of the time,
And fast their hatred ripens into crime.

XXVI.

Yet through the masses of the people went
A growing feeling daily rising higher,
That in this mighty Prophet, God had sent
To longing Israel her true Messiah,

Whose promised Advent fired her sacred Lyre.
Hopeful they looked deliverance to see,
And as the Day of Passover drew near,
Wherever there a group of Jews might be,
Were earnest questionings; "Will He be here,"
Some from excited hopes and some from love sincere.

XXVII.

After the miracle as Jesus knew
And needed not that any should disclose,
The envious hate that would His life pursue,
To avoid the present rage of priestly foes,
And bide His time, He to the desert goes,
A time of rest, retirement, and prayer,
But when six days to Passover remain,
Leaving the City Ephraim where they were,
With His disciples (an increasing train)
Jesus appears in Bethany again.

XXVIII.

How welcome to the blessed trio there,
Upon their threshold beautiful, His feet.
The zealous Martha must a feast prepare,
Yet calls not now her Sister from that seat,
To the rapt listener more than ever sweet.
Soon of His reappearance there we heard;
As Bethany is an adjacent town,

The Heart of old Jerusalem was stirred,
And many to the village hastened down ;
I with the rest despite the Rabbi's frown.

XXIX

The Supper for the Company was spread,
When we arrived. Among the Guests we trace
Him who was newly risen from the dead.
Martha was serving with her wonted grace,
But Lazarus at the table had a place,
The very sight of him awaking praise.
Glowing and fresh with new found life he seemed,
And ever as on Jesus turned his gaze,
His eyes with silent hallelujahs beamed
To Him who had from death, body and soul redeemed.

XXX.

I saw not Mary till she forward came.
On her had fallen an Inspiration great;
The inflowing Spirit shook her conscious frame,
For the young Prophetess must consecrate
Her much loved master to His coming fate.
She bears a box of spikenard in her hands.
No costlier ointment rich Arabia knows.
With reverential pause beside Him stands.
She breaks the Box ; then trembling nearer draws,
And on her Savior's head the Last Anointing pours.

XXXI.

While the rare odor fills the room around,
And the disciples reverence the deed,
One sordid soul among their ranks is found,
And moved by envy and his grasping greed,
From him these jealous murmerings proceed.
"Why was this waste of precious ointment made,
Whose costly price would give the poor relief?"
This Judas said not caring for the poor,
But that he had the bag and was a thief,
Nay more was, in his heart, a traitor to his Chief.

XXXII.

The Master speaks with calm authority.
"Let her alone, for verily I say,
Mary has wrought a holy work on me,
Coming beforehand in prophetic way,
To anoint my body for the burial day;
And Whereso'er this Gospel shall be shown
Throughout the world, the pious deed ye blame
Shall as her sweet memorial be known,
And consecrate to ever living fame,
The blessed memory of this woman's name.

XXXIII.

The poor ye always have, not always me;
These ye may always bless; I go from you."
He ceased. The night was waning fast, and we
Our homeward course from Bethany pursue.

Our thoughts were many, but our words were few.
The sight of Lazarus to life restored,
The act whose meaning we not yet discerned,
That mystical anointing of the Lord,
We pondered much upon, as we returned,
Till now the Temple's lights before us burned.

XXXIV.

Jerusalem's great crowd was much increased.
Fast through all ranks the stirring rumor flies,
He is at hand, and coming to the feast.
I saw the popular current stronger rise,
Nor did what followed take me by surprise.
At Bethany when night to dawn gave place,
Around the master came the faithful band.
Towards Jerusalem He sets His face,
But first to two disciples gives command
To hasten to a village near at hand.

XXXV.

There at the meeting of two roads ye find
An Ass and foal as yet by man unused,
And after ye her tethered colt unbind,
Bring both to me—ye shall not be refused,
For when the owner asks why they are loosed,
And ye shall say the Lord of them hath need,
Immediately will both to me be led
Even by the owner with a ready speed.
The two disciples on their errand sped,
And found it even as the Lord had said.

XXXVI.

Tell ye the Daughter of Zion, Behold,
Having Salvation now cometh thy King—
Thus sung thy Bards and thy prophets of old—
Thy sweet Psalms of Glory exultingly sing,
Wide open the Gates of thine excellence fling,
Riding an Ass and the Foal of an Ass,
In the beauty of meekness, He cometh to reign.
Go spread down thy garments the way He shall pass,
Wave thy green palms, shout again and again,
Jesus, Messiah, the Kingdom obtain.

XXXVII.

The tidings to the City comes that morn,
Which much the excited, earnest people charms,
Of, Jesus on His way in triumph borne—
How they rent down the branches of the palms,
And waved them as He went, singing their glorious Psalms.
On hearing this, issuing from every street,
Another multitude their branches bring,
And hasten through the open Gates to greet,
With praises jubilant, the coming King,
And loudly thus their royal Anthem sing.

XXXVIII.

Hosanna in the Highest! thus sang Israel the saved,
Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the Kingdom of our Father David,
That cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the Highest! thus they sang in full accord.
Oh! nature grew the brighter in the voices of their cheering.
Those fair, auroral skies seemed to keep the Jubilee,
Flushed warmer in the light of His glorious appearing.
The birds their matins singing so sweet in every tree,
As though in their notes revealing, This is He! This is he!

XXXIX.

But when Jerusalem appeared in sight,
Even as they came to Olivet's descent,
Spread out in beauty, in the morning light,
While the ascending Hallelujahs rent
The conscious glowing, echoing, Firmament,
Over the Prophet's brow a shadow swept,
A tenderness that could not be represt,
And at the height of glory Jesus wept—
Wept o'er His own Jerusalem the blest—
And in prophetic words her coming doom exprest.

XL.

The excited people noted not that day,
So high their own aspiring hopes take wing,
The fearful portent that His words convey,

But still the exultant Hallelujahs sing,
Till rocks and vallies with the echoes ring.
Swept through the open gates, the mighty throng,
Towards the Holy Temple onward pressed,
All ripe in faith, all rapturous in song.
Even the little children joined the rest,
And their's of all the praises pleased Him best.

XLI.

(Enos) How went it on—this wondrous History?
For I must hear it to its termination.
(Haran) I will go on to unfold this mystery.
The people's heart was hot with expectation,
That He by Godlike power would save the nation.
Many succeeding days they momently
Hoped, that His royal entrance went before
His showing forth as Shiloh gloriously,
And that He should to Judah's hand restore
The Imperial Sceptre, to depart no more.

XLII.

Else why should He, the people reasoning say,
Enter the Holy City as her king;
And when to David's royal Son that Day,
Children Hosannas in the Temple sing
And Pharisees would check their infant offering,
Why did He say: If hushed their joyful shout,—
The sweet perfection of all praise to me,—
The very stones around us would cry out.

Yea, if ye hush *their* voices, praise *shall* be,
Though the dull rocks break forth in grateful harmony.

XLIII.

I said the general heart was all on flame;
Nor yet the Pharisees their wish fulfil,
Though with insidious craft and artful blame
Daily they worked to change the people's will.
The people anxious wait—The Master still
No aim to make Himself a monarch shows.
Serene, majestic in the Holy Place,
Wonderful wisdom from His lips o'erflows,
So sweet the wisdom, and so great the grace,
God talketh with His creatures face to face.

XLIV.

But that Day's triumph seemed to be an Act,
Which from His after History appears
An isolated and prophetic fact,
Foretelling what shall come in latter years,
After long ages pass of hopes and fears.
But daily listening to His discourse,
Such words as these, were then a mystery,
And yet they struck me with a pleasing force:
"And I if I be lifted on the tree,
Become the ground of hope and draw all men to me."

XLV.

But at that time, blinded like all the rest
Who more the worldly than the Heavenly seek,
I longed to see an Earthly Crown invest
That glorious brow; but when I heard him speak,
All earthly honors seemed for *Him* too weak.
It seemed as though His Being's primal flower,
Its human blossoming of truth and grace,
Condensed its sweetness in that Crisis Hour.
A strange attractive sadness o'er His face,
So won my heart, 'twas hard to leave the place.

XLVI.

Such golden parables as left His lips!
More lovely than before His doctrine flows;
Yet then the Cloud that should awhile eclipse
The Light of Israel, in the distance rose—
On the Horizon's verge its shadow grows.
A day or two before the Feast began,
I talked with some and found their hearts were sore,
A bitter disappointment rankling ran,
He was their King and David's Son no more,
And not the Anointed Christ foretold of yore.

XLVII.

A Pharisee was talking to a crowd,
And I, none knowing of my mind, drew near.
Oh! cunning was the speech, wherewith he bowed
The people to his will. I paused to hear,

And these the words that pained my listening ear:
"Ye dwellers at Jerusalem," said he,
"Beneath the shadow of your Temple dear
Had never left your homes this man to see,
But many strangers at our feast appear,
New to our faith, and to our customs here.

XLVIII.

These, spite our graver counsels, outward draw
Your thoughtless multitudes with loud acclaim,
To meet the Nazarene, as with a score
Of Galilean followers He came,
The Son of David, His assumed name.
Their turbulent Hosannas fill the air;
They praise and glorify each wondrous deed,
Though well they know our holy men declare,
He with the Prince of Devils is agreed,
And thence these powerful miracles proceed.

XLIX.

Disturber he both of the Church and State,
Against him wisely from the first we strove,
And should we doom him to a traitor's fate,
Great Cæsar will our loyalty approve,
And heavy taxes from your wealth remove.
(Enos) And what came next? The turning of the tide
Is not more sure than popular reverse;
A veering wind changing from side to side,
Hard on the people's blessing waits their curse:
But go *thou* on the story to rehearse.

L.

(Haran) That very night, the Paschal supper o'er,
Walking abroad to enjoy the evening air,
Jesus with His beloved friends, I saw
Cross the Brook Cedron, to a garden there,
Where He would often with the twelve repair.
I often watched them on their way before,
But on this evening as their course I trace,
There comes upon my soul, such reverent awe,
Yet such attraction, that with slackened pace
I followed in their wake, till near the place.

LI.

But when they all had entered in, why then
If there had been a guard of angels sent,
All visible to sight of mortal men,
They could not more my following steps prevent;
And thus repelled, I at a distance went,
Hidden by a clump of trees, I took my seat;
Spell bound and fastened down I seemed to be,
Unable to go on or to retreat,
Looking towards the Garden, where to me
Even the Olive Trees waved consciously.

LII.

Oh, how I longed even then to join with them!
But could not waken the courageous thought,
Unused against the popular tide to stem;
But while contending passions in me wrought,

The tramp of coming feet attention caught,
And I beheld an armed band advance,
Weapons and torches flashing in my sight.
I knew their traitor leader at a glance.—
False Judas,—Oh what treachery and spite
Lurked in the darkness of his face that night!

LIII.

They hastened to the Garden, I grew faint
And swooned away, and visions then were shown
Too holy to be seen, even by a Saint;
For in that trance I saw where prostrate thrown,
Jesus the mystic winepress treads alone.
I saw Him in an agony of Prayer,
No help, the passion of His struggle stayed,
Till the great drops of blood, fell to the ground.
The Father's answer then no more delayed,
An angel hastens with the succoring aid.

LIV.

And while with awe the vision I behold,
A sudden terror o'er my heart was brought;
A voice cried in my hearing "He is sold,"
It woke me from my trance. With anxious thought
And hasty steps, the olive grove I sought.
Master and men had gone, but in one place
Where trodden grass showed where his steps had been,
I thrilled to see the recent crimson trace

Of blood among the flowers and verdure green.
Ah then 'twas true the vision I had seen.

LV.

"Jesus is sold!" again that voice I hear.
Back to my home I haste with trembling soul,
That watchful night no sleep to me drew near.
As through my veins a burning fever stole,
Came thronging thoughts I could no more control;
But when the long and wretched night was done—
The lingering hours that I had counted o'er—
Just when the purpling clouds foretell the Sun,
I fell asleep, but wakened with a roar
Of maddening voices—Springing to the floor.

LVI.

I to my casement haste with trembling frame,
With shaking hand, aside the curtain draw.
Rushing and roaring down, the people came,
Led by their Priests and Elders, but before
Centurion and Roman band, I saw—
Oh, sight of sights that checked my bated breath,
Bearing His Cross upon His bleeding back,
Jesus of Nazareth they lead to death.
Oh, cruel Cross, the Infernal Roman rack!
Oh, precious dropping blood, wetting the dusty track!

LVII.

Oh, ragged bloody crown of thorns entwined
By ruffian hands in taunting mockery;

Oh, hear again the furious shout behind,
Where some whose late Hosannas reached the sky,
Now, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" cry.
One only object caught away my soul,
So that no more I heed the multitude—
The victim's face, thus hurried to the goal,
Where shone through all the torture, dust, and blood,
Such glorious purpose, and such changeless good.

LVIII.

His face with such unconquered sweetness beamed,
Surrounded by this raging enmity,
Heaven in the very midst of hell it seemed.
Sick as I was, such passion seized on me,
I had to follow Him to Calvary,
The fever lending me its burning force.
Reaching the Hill, without the power to fly,
I had to see Him nailed to the Cross.
Oh, Heaven! I had to see it raised on high,
And hear the jeerings of the passers by.

LIX.

A witness, suffering with him all the time,
I had to see him in slow tortures die—
See all his agony, severe, sublime—
I had to hear the exceeding bitter cry,
Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabacthani!
The words, the deeds I hear, as each transpires,
Sweet incense offered with that Sacrifice

Consuming on in pain's intensest fires,
Until I hear the cry as He expires,
'Tis finished! Glory lights the languid eyes,
Jesus of Nazareth, bows His head and dies.

LX.

That instant, Lo, what mighty tokens sent
The attending Priests who in the Temple walk.
Behold, the veil from top to bottom rent,
The solid Earth doth quake, and every rock
Is riven assunder by the appalling shock.
Yea, some new power does Death's dominion shake,
Some graves of saints are opened as He dies,
The dead within them from their sleep awake.
Struck at the awful sight with terror and surprise,
"Truly, this was the Son of God," the amazed
Centurion cries.

LXI.

Some neighbors bore me home, and long I lay
So low, no conscious life within me stirred,
Exhausted by the experience of that day;
But after my recovery, then I heard,
He had fulfilled His own prophetic word.
There came an earthquake, just as the gold dawning
Upward its earliest rays of light had thrown,
Belting the eastern sky on the third morning,
Long e'er the Sun's red rays the mountains crown—
And lo, the Angel of the Lord came down.

LXII.

He comes, and rolls the ponderous stone away
(Such excellence of strength the angels know,)
From Joseph's new made grave where Jesus lay,
His countenance like lightning, and the flow
Of his fair raiment whiter far than snow.
The keepers of the tomb are struck with dread;
Such sudden terror does their souls surprise,
They tremble, quake, and fall around as dead:
None but the Glorious Angel's gladdening eyes
Behold the Conqueror of the Grave arise.

LXIII.

None but those angel eyes of purest flame,
All luminously holy as they are,
Could see Him as from out the grave He came,
Bearing of every wound the sacred scar,
Yet fresh and beautiful, the Bright, the Morning Star.
I almost see Him at the entrance stand,—
He who for us the Powers of Darkness braved;
The Keys of Death and Hell are in His hand,
And such sweet triumph on His face engraved—
The wondrous work is done, the world is saved.

LXIV.

Before He left, the Lord commanded them,
(And faithfully His orders they attend)
"Tarry ye still here at Jerusalem;

A few days only after I ascend,
I will the Promise of the Father send.
So daily in an upper room they meet,
In instant prayer, from morn till eventide,
Jeered at by thoughtless mockers in the street,
While graver men in graver terms deride
What they call madness and persistent pride.

LYV.

Friend, three days brings the Sabbath; the next day
Is Pentecost. I pray thee do not seek
Thy home as yet, but be prevailed to stay
Over the Feast with me, and in the week
We'll go and hear these men of whom I speak.
(Enos.) Good friend, thus long I joy to be thy guest,
For much thou knowest, and much I long to know;
But now the sun looks to the kindling west,
And while new thoughts within my bosom glow,
Unto the Temple with my gift I go.

PART SECOND.

INTRODUCTION TO PART SECOND.

'Tis the morning, early morning—
Eastern glories are reflected
From the west in rosy purple,
Touching every russet mountain;
And along the silent valleys,
Every flower now lifts her censer
Full of breathing fragrant incense,
Praying for the dewy blessing—
Praying for the golden sunshine.
Not yet clear the face of heaven,
But every where there is a breaking,
And the little clouds are whispering
To one another of fair weather,
As the blue breaks down between them,—
Telling they shall soon be melting
In the coming fiery sunshine;
And the clouds like tender lovers
Part and weep and change their color.
Every where is softer beauty,

Than if cloudless fell the day-beam.
Now, ere yet the stir beginneth,
While the day is in its cradle,
Readest thou in the still expansion
Of the mellowing sky above thee,
A sweet augury of something
Secret in the young day's bosom?
In the wind among the branches,
In the very dew that falleth
Like some consecrating unction,
There has gone abroad a spirit
As of holy preparation,
Reverential, yet reviving.
In the sighing of the cedars,
In the refluent wave that greeteth
The green banks of holy Jordan,
All seemeth as in happy waiting;
And the temple on Moriah
Gleameth like a mount of diamonds
In the glorious, gorgeous sunlight—
Showeth like a type terrestial
Of the far-off Holy City,
Of Jerusalem the golden.

PART SECOND.

I.

(Haran) A goodly day, friend Enos, for, behold.
O'er fleeting clouds the Sun has risen fair,
Tinging our Temple's top with flaming gold.
Thither at once thus early we repair,
Even now the Nazarenes are gathering there;
For these few days they stay from morn till eve,
Convened together in the house of prayer,
According to the word by Jesus given,
Until the Father's gift descend from heaven.

II.

(Enos.) How swift we came! now in the Temple here,
Haran, the company so well you know,
As passing on successive groups appear,
To me the leading ones among them show.
First, who is this? Some chosen one, I trow,
For, oh! he hath upon his angel face
A settled rapture—an abiding glow,
As heaven already were his dwelling place,
So great the fullness, and so rich the grace.

III.

Yet though such meekness does his look control,
Such warmth is blended with the gentleness,
He hath by nature sure a fiery soul,
Yet love subdueth now nature's excess;
And gazing on that face, I must confess,
Haran, it bears an aspect so divine,
I long the love within me to possess,
Of which that countenance gives such clear sign.
God of my fathers, be that spirit mine!

IV,

(Haran.) This is the loved disciple, John, so blest
He could in his simplicity draw near
His heavenly Master more than all the rest,
Because he had the love that casts out fear;
And tenderly did Jesus' trust appear,
When in His final tortures as He died,
He gave into his hands that mother dear,
Whom John now duteously leads by his side,
As if she were by nature's ties allied.

V.

See the blest mother pass along with him.
You may not see her fairly through that veil;
Her face is sweeter than a seraph's hymn,
For although years have told a saddening tale
Since first the greeting angel said "All hail,"
Of grace, through all her pain, she feels no loss,

But all it was to be *His* mother knew,
As she beheld Him dying on the cross,
And Simeon's prophecy became too true,
Even when the Unseen Sword, had pierced her through.

VI.

Those that are passing now are the Eleven.
Seest thou that man? He is a leading one:
To him was the first revelation given
That Jesus Christ was the Eternal Son;
Yet Satan partial victory o'er him won.
The powers of darkness did thus far prevail,
That on the night when they the Master tried,
He, cowering, felt his vaunted courage fail,
And being pressed he thrice his Lord denied
Before the cock crew twice, to tell 'twas morning tide.

VII.

But bitter his repentance, so his Lord
Did afterward apostleship restore.
Such lesson did that fearful fall afford,
It made the Saint far humbler than before;
Experience teaches us a golden lore.
'Tis said when Jesus did his power restore,
He intimated that the day should come,
When the stern death His heavenly Master bore,
Should of the servant's trial be the sum,
And win the immortal crown of martyrdom.

VIII.

(Enos.) They all have passed; but in the Temple's
porch
We'll walk and talk together, for I feel
Some influence that like a flaming torch
At darkest midnight, does to me reveal
My deepest self, my spirit's eyes unseal.
These few past days I feel the growing force
Of something new within, for hitherto
My life has been of gold a gainful course—
No higher object yet I held in view,
Until Christ's wondrous history I knew.

IX.

"They all of one accord were in one place"—
Lo, such a true accord earth has not known,
Since first in Paradise the evil root
Of enmity by Satan's hand was sown,
Flowering in Cain's deep hate, murder its fruit,
Since then, enlarged by many a spreading shoot
Violence has filled the earth—war's killing thunder
Jarring God's harmony with rupture rude—
But now have Jesus' heartstrings rent asunder,
(When He the breach of Eden's peace made good—)
Restored the broken tie of human brotherhood.

X

Here is the first response to Bethlehem's song,
In this Church union, this divine accord,
As, by the Spirit gathered, the whole throng

Sit there in waiting prayer before the Lord.
No words the full, expectant hearts afford,
For supplication has gone up, they know.
Sure that He will the answering grace extend.
See every beaming face with Faith aglow,
That in an instant from their Heavenly Friend,
The Promise of the Father may descend.

XI.

It comes, it comes, and suddenly, for, lo,
A rushing mighty wind the house has filled.
That prayer is heard, God's answering tokens show
The Promise of the Father is fulfilled,
And to the inmost soul they all are thrilled,
As now appearing cloven tongues of fire
Sit upon each of them—The Holy Ghost
His Sons and Daughters does alike inspire,
Nor can the strong against the weaker boast;
Alike the Gift of tongues descends on all the Host.

XII.

God of Gods, Light of Lights, Spirit Eternal,
Abundant in comfort, almighty in grace,
Descending to Earth in thy glory supernal,
Token that Jesus, High Priest of our race
Has entered for us to the Holiest Place
In the Heaven of Heavens—Good Spirit, we bow,
And bless thee, and praise thee in Love's adoration.
Oh! welcome to Earth, Gracious Spirit, art thou,

Witness divine of a Perfect Salvation,
Harbinger Dove of the world's restoration.

XIII.

Even as the Spirit gives them utterance,
They all with other tongues begin to speak,
And, lo, the tidings spread abroad at once,
And wondering multitudes the Temple seek.
Jerusalem, this Pentecostal week,
Has strangers from each nation under Heaven;
Proselytes gathered to the Jewish fold
Come to keep up the Day the Law was given.
These with the native throngs shall now behold,
How the New Testament transcends the Old.

XIV.

Coming together all confounded are,
Because each man in his own language hears
The rapt, inspired company declare
That which was dimly seen by ancient seers,
But now in fullest grace to man appears,
Nor shadow of past darkness intervenes.
And what is this, they say, to day upsprung?
Behold, all these that speak are Galileans;
How hear we every man in our own tongue
Declare His risen Day of whom the prophets sung?

XV.

A part thus thoughtful hear the word divine;
But others, unbelievers, mocking say,

These men are drunken full of the new wine.
Thus sin-blind Doubt gropes at the noon of Day,
And would the very voice of God gainsay:
But rising with the eleven, Peter stands
In his new baptism all illuminate,
At once the silenced crowd, his voice commands,
Round him the wondering people congregate,
As if upon his lips hung their eternal fate.

XVI.

Dwellers in Judea, know ye what I say,
Hearken ye to the truth my words disclose;
Seeing it is the third hour of the day,
These are not drunk with wine as ye suppose,
But this is that the Prophet Joel shows,
And it shall come to pass in the last days,
Saith God, I pour my Spirit from on high
Upon all flesh. In its redundant rays
Shall all your sons and daughters prophesy,
Even as the glory of the Lord draws nigh.

XVII.

Your young men shall see visions, your old men
Shall be illumined by prophetic dreams;
Yea, on my Servants and my handmaidens
In equal power, fall the prophetic beams,
God purely equal all His children deems.
(What, *shall slaves* prophesy? and can it be
That the most High shall dwell and walk in them?

Yea, where His Spirit lives, is Liberty,
Oh! let me kiss for this the very hem
Of Jesus robe, and bless, His princely Diadem.)

XVIII.

"I will show wonders in the Heavens on high,
And signs portentous in the Earth below,
Blood, fire, columns of smoke along the sky,
The moon shall wear a lurid fiery glow,
The darkened Sun no more its light shall show:
Yet shall it surely come to pass that all,
How e'er before by Satan's power enslaved.
Who on the name of Christ our Lord shall call,
Shall through the power of that dear name be saved.

XIX.

Then does the Spirit in his speech infuse
Such judgment words as pierce their hearts in twain,
Shewing the trembling and convicted Jews
How they the glorious Prince of Life had slain,
When Pilate would have let Him go again.
Now as they hear these things, like fiery darts
The burning words of Peter search them through.
Fear and Remorse now pricked them in their hearts.
And pale the conscience stricken people grew,
Crying aloud, "Brethren, what shall we do?"

XX.

Peter with words of healing, here begins.
Repent, and be baptized in Jesus' name—

Baptized for the remission of your sins.
The Holy Ghost will fall on you, the same
As erst on us in cloven tongues of flame.
Through God's great love you and your children both
Are heirs of Promise; yea, it runs to all
Whom, faithful to His Everlasting oath
Made to our Great High Priest before the Fall,
The Father in His plenteous grace shall call.

* * * * * * * * *

XXI.

(HARAN) Three Thousand in His name baptized to day!
Thy name and mine, Dear Enos, with them found!
How poorly words my heart's full joy convey,
The very air of Heaven is all around.
Jerusalem to day is Holy Ground.
Oh! look, the mellowing skies do teem with grace,
Nature herself as a clear mirror shows
The beauty of our loved Redeemer's face.
Were ever, Enos, skies as fair as those,
In all the loveliness of His divine repose?

XXII.

Each ripple of the wave, is melody;
The sweet voiced breezes tell me my salvation.
All things are changed, else is the change in me;
Around me now appears the new Creation,
And my heart leaps in holy gratulation,

Save that I cannot bear with thee to part,
Since thou and I in Jesus are made one.
There is no shade of grief upon my heart,
But now I see the day is nearly done,
And thou must leave me with the setting Sun.

XXIII.

(Enos) Haran, I brought a costly offering here,
But with a priceless Gift I now return;
For what are all the treasures held so dear,
To the rich Love that in my soul does burn?
My gods of Gold and Silver now I spurn,
No mention shall be made of rubies rare,
Diamonds and gems are found of little worth,
I own a precious pearl beyond compare;
My soul, enlarged from the gross chains of Earth,
Feels, even to Extacy, the Second Birth!

XXIV.

The Rabbi Nicodemus goes with me,
Whose heart the memory of Christ embalms.
Once more he'll tell that blessed history
Which my Elizabeth so deeply charms.
Beneath the shadow of our spreading palms,
Now she will find me ready witness bring
To every truth and fact that he relates
Concerning Jesus Christ, my Lord and King.
But, friend, farewell, the Caravan awaits
My coming now outside the City Gates.

[*They salute and part*]

XXV.

(HARAN, *Solus.*) Gone is my friend, and I am left alone—
Yet not alone, Jesus within me dwells.
A conscious Peace is o'er my spirit thrown,
So sweet, it even Rapture's self excels,
And not a thought, against that Peace rebels.
Oh! what a day to me the past has been—
A day more bright than Paradise could boast,
E'er the primeval Earth knew shade of sin—
Day of the coming of the Holy Ghost,
O day of blessedness! O sacred Pentecost!

XXVI.

Come gentle night, call out each listening Star,
And tell the Story to those radiant seers;
Then let them tell it to the worlds afar,
Till all the universe the wonder hears,
Awakening the old music of the Spheres,
Whose lovely keynote broken at Adam's fall,
Jarred into discord and the strain was lost.
From silence now the Chorus grand recall
Be this the Refrain of the Starry Host,
The tongues of flame—the Day of Pentecost!

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